My Blood On Your Fangs

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My Blood On Your Fangs

by MintyEcco

Summary

In a world where the creatures of the night roam the world along side the human race those that happen to be apart of it quickly draw ire when this is revealed. So with Will Graham falling into this category he can't help but feel sympathy for Abigail Hobbs after it is revealed what her father truly is.
Though as he discusses this with his therapist he can't help but find something off with him too. Whether it be the the chill of his rooms or the echoing of his voice; something is wrong with Hannibal Lecter. Yet he still finds himself being drawn in.

A Freezing Reassessment

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The binding of flesh can so much more to a person than one can even begin to imagine until it is gone.

Ripped violently from their side until they gagged up their own blood while the carvings on their heart ache for something more. That quiet yearning intimacy of human nature, but not allowed in modern society. Maybe a few decades back this sort of bloody affair could have been kept deep enough that the society would not be able to cast its eye upon it.

Never would the structure have been able to suspect the truth before. They would be too afraid to see the reality of the situation, but the persecution that would come from it would benefit them surely.

Still though, the hiding would be easier. Less trackable evidence for the investigators to stick their fingers into, after all.

Just superstitions and suspicions.

But in the light of modern day that leads to hollow answers.

Supposedly though.

That's how the world has come to understand the insanity that has come to surround it.

The supernatural mixing easily with the natural until the world is one large mixing pot of confusion and fear. Humans cowering and attacking in the blind dark, while the supposed monsters that make it up either choose to find refuge or bring a ten fold of pain upon those that would smite them.

Though cross roads certainly exist, and can be exploited by either side. Really just depends on the life they've been allowed to lead. Along with if they're willing to work with those that would kill them at a moment's notice if they were to mess up.

Vampire and werewolf.

Witch and silky.

Demon and human.

All rumored options with- *various* degrees of difficulty in existence.

Whether it be the question of birth, or even if they can find a safe enough place to survive, those that mix enough genetics will always suffer in some way. By people or monster's hand is a completely different question too.

It all doesn't much matter to Will Graham though. At least not beyond the textbook pages he'd been able to pick up at a second hand store in Tennessee once.

One of the few things to be able to occupy his hand and not have an entirely detrimental effect on his head he'd taken to it like a fish takes to water. After all, by the time he'd gotten his hands on it he wasn't wanted anywhere anyways.

Of his own blood he had always been a wretched mix of mortal and witch. A quite common combination only made difficult by the initiation it could have with- evil.

Very rarely in such a modern era, but still possible nonetheless. Whispering creatures promising power in exchange for devotion and the occasional sacrifice.

Those are what usually made the paper. Sticking in peoples heads years after they happened just because a few people decided that trusting an unseen power hungry entity was better than listening to the forest for a little while longer.

So that was the assumption made by most. That he was always capable of turning on a dime to the side of horror and cruelty.

Though that perception was one that he quickly began to use. Choosing instead to embrace that grotesque veneer that all would judge him for to his advantage. Going knee deep into the guts and gore of reality and coming back out with answers that only those with his sight could see.

Traces of magic mixing with the blood leaving a trail that no one but those that practice it could pick up on.

And that's why Jack needed him.

That's why he was still here, to be useful.

Because otherwise he'd rather let himself fade away into the woods. Better than counting to have to wander into town and wonder if the strangers staring know something about him he doesn't, or if they are planning something for him and there's nothing he can do.

Though normally he picks the first option, for his own sanity. Paranoia didn't quite suit him, in his opinion.

"Are you with me, Will?"

Blinking back into reality Will runs his fingers against his jeans to focus him back onto the situation at hand.

Therapy, right.

The hollow cold air cuts back into his flesh as his thin flannel does nothing for him in the meantime. No air seems to be coming out of the vents, though he'd find it difficult to believe that with how consistently freezing it seemed. Shades drawn all the while blocking out what

little sunlight one could catch out on such a cloudy day. Only furthering the current agenda of a cool inner climate.

Though the color palette of the room only added to this sensation as it would seem. Grays, blues, blacks, and reds make up the primary colors with a few greens here and there.

From outside a stained glass piece was obvious to all, but Will had yet to see it properly in use. Instead it stayed quietly kept away. Seemingly only for the eyes of the outside rather than the inside.

Certainly setting a standard of grand gothic architecture that the inside kept up, but that felt odd for such a seemingly young building. As though the one who commissioned it had a very specific vision and made sure it would come true.

Grinding his nails into his palm, his eyes focus further back on the moment until he's able to say. "I am now, Doctor Lecter." A quiet sigh falling between his words as he speaks. The soft tired ache that had been running through his body just before now hitting him full force. He really needed to get some coffee after this.

"And what kind train of thought were you chasing just now?" Doctor Lecter continues, his voice oozing with its usual smoothness just with a more curious edge to it. Not unusual for the man sitting in front of him, but still noteable all the same. Anything that piqued Hannibal Lecter's interest seemed important.

Letting out a more obvious sigh now Will tries to bring together the disparate thoughts that were just swimming around in his head.

"Perceptions, I think." Moving his hands to start at his nails he wonders briefly if that's even the right word for it.

He'd been going over monstrous and odd bloodlines, yes, but he'd also begun to think over the setting he now found himself in. Though it was certainly easier to talk about such a wide reaching subject instead of possibly insulting the good doctor about the architecture he surrounded himself with, and his odd choice in keeping such fine stained glass hidden away in the shade.

"You're uncertain?"

"It's hard to describe. A sort of grand scale assessment of how we got here and all. How people look at creatures like-"

"You and Abigail?"

Pausing for a moment he slowly begins to nod his head. "I suppose that would make sense."

"Your concern for her well beginning for her is extending further out now. You're worrying over how she will be perceived now that the truth is out?"

And there's the nail on the coffin. It had been a great concern for him since the moment he found out her relation to Hobbs. Though he had suspected a daughter of some kind in the mix

he never could have fathomed that she would seemingly be in the dark. The true nature of one of the parties that bore her and only now she was beginning to know? It was not unheard of that a child would not have the traits of a more- monstrous based parent. Sometimes the magic d just didn't flow through them enough to leave them with such abilities. But for this reality to be revealed like *this*? With blood and murder on her family name forever and ever? How horrifying, disgusting even.

What if she was just a late bloomer than by god what would it be like for her when she finally came into her own! What self worth issues would she suffer from the moment the claws and fur came forth and took a hold of her human form? She would be sick! She would hate it and herself!

He knew the feeling all too well.

So yes, his thoughts always seemed to find a way to trail back to what was going to become of that poor blood stained girl.

"In a way, but also I worry about how she's taking it all. She didn't exactly present herself as someone who was aware of her father's reality. The fear I saw in her eyes as his claws dug into her throat, it wasn't of someone who was in the know."

"And the media will only exacerbate an issue like this. With all their pestering and-"

"Fear." Will cuts in, "Stereotypes and stories continue all over again with incidents like this. Causing unnecessary panic that'll lead to tighter laws and restrictions on those kinds of people."

"And this is what you're worried about will become of Abigail? That she will become a stepping stone in a tapestry woven by those who only wish to use her and her father's likeness to gain power?"

"To put it bluntly, yes."

Nodding his head in understandment Hannibal eventually adds, "Have you considered trying to stand up for her at all? With how much Freddie Lounds seems to give you attention I'm sure she'd gladly write any article for you."

"And let that sort of opinion get twisted up by TattleCrime? I doubt she'd let it stay intact."

"But she seems to care about Abigail." He thoughtfully reminds him, taking the care not to say anymore than necessary for once. This sort of reminder should be enough to bring Will back some of his senses in this regard.

"She cares about the story she can get *from* her, Doctor Lecter. I doubt there's much else going on in there."

"There's always a possibility." Hannibal aptly corrects.

Biting down on his cheek in frustration Will eventually relents into agreement. Better to let it drop then continue to go around and around about this issue. An issue that really shouldn't

have concerned him. His part in this whole affair was supposed to be over now. Yet unlike what Jack expected of him, he kept finding ways to care.

“Perhaps when you next visit her you can give her advice on how to prepare herself? I’m sure you have some experience in this area.”

The way his eyes stare down the man in front of him says enough that the moment he rises little fuss can be made immediately. He’d step a little too close to the quiet flame that had been burning instead of him, and it was time to step back from it again. “Your idea is noted, Doctor, but if you’ll excuse me I think I’ve wasted enough of your time.”

Despite the understanding Hannibal can’t help but let his eyes widen in surprise, before turning back to what was happening and seeing more clearly that he’d gone too far.

What had seemed to him to be an understandably open issue was, in fact, a closed one. Not meant for this session, but another one in the near future.

“I’m sorry if what I suggested upset you, Will. I meant no-“

“I know you meant well. I just— realized we’d gone over time. Better to stop it now than run any further.

“Too much at once then?”

“In a sense.” The strain in his voice proves enough of his point that Hannibal had no choice but to give in. Forcing too much now could only cause further strain to get put onto Will’s shoulders, and that needed to be saved for later.

“Very well then, until next time I suppose, Mr. Graham.” He calmly replies, standing up from his own chair now and quickly getting the door for Will.

Exiting slowly, still thinking about all that this new therapist had said he decides to give him one last thing to cling onto now that the session is done. “I’ll give her the advice. Though I don’t know how much good it will do since we are of a different breed.”

Watching as this man suddenly gives him a startlingly warm smile he hears as he begins to walk away, “I’m sure it’ll help nonetheless.”

Though something about it feels more ominous than intended. Almost as if there was a strange reverb going on around them, and it all was coming from Hannibal.

Glancing over his shoulder one last time as his hand lingers on the front door, a rush of cold air blasting him in the face in his paused state, he gives the man still smiling at him one last look over, before walking away.

Not sure if it was his imagination, or if he’d caught something he wasn’t supposed to.

Chapter End Notes

Trying to yank myself out of writers block by going supernatural with it causes that's my fucking shit and has been since I was small.

Hunger is Always Restless

In the end Hannibal Lecter did mean well with his suggestion, After all, Will Graham had a good heart at the center of his cold exterior, that much became obvious to Hannibal when he put everything on the line to try and save the woman the Hobbs threw at their feet, blooded and at death's door. Any other person on a mission like theirs would have realized the reality of the situation and pushed on, but not him.

No he got on the ground and stuck his hands in their blood. Trying desperately to save both of the women that had been sacrificed to try and allow Jacob some time to escape, and he'd been able to save at least one of them.

Abigail needed better parental figures in her life than the half wit that had formerly filled that role. And between the two of them they could certainly fill out the gap that was left behind more than adequately.

He was going to fill out that role eventually whether he meant to or not. Better to get ahead of the curb and make some suggests on what he could discuss with her going forward. Though there were always going to be complications with that.

As Will draws further and further from view, Hannibal having moved to the windows to crack the curtains open and watch him leave, the therapist begins to feel an ache in the pit of his stomach.

What to an human being would feel like a strange lurching churning sensation that would leave them questioning if they were about to empty their insides all over the hard wood flooring barely makes the man bate an eye. Instead he lets out a heavy sigh before drifting over to his desk. Rooting through paper after paper, a mix of medical notes, personal reading, and thoughtful drawings that had drawn in his mind at one point or another, he eventually comes upon what he's looking for.

A small key laying out now revealed from beneath the suffocating stack it is promptly taken into his hands and placed into the lock for which it would open. Down at the very bottom of his desk, an unsuspecting drawn sits waiting for it's purpose to be fulfilled. It appeared just like the rest of it's brethren to such a degree that one would assume that just like them it would contain Doctor Lecter's personal writing utensils or further writings on the various patients he saw.

Yet as it creeks open a metallic smell instantly wafts out thereby betraying this unsuspecting appearance immediately. However, as Hannibal had planned it this would never have to be an issue for him. He had trained himself to hold back until his wits end when he had to appear around those that would quickly cast him out or try to kill him for what he was. And while some may argue that as he was acting now was actually the most humane way of acting on his urges, they didn't know the full story. As in the privacy of his own lounge he quickly opens up a blood bag and begins delicately sipping on it.

Normally there would be some cover for this sort of thing. A wine glass here or non-see through cup there. Anything for him to get his fix and carry on through out the world without batting an eye. What was necessary to get the job done was what he was going to do, preferring it over starving himself but knowing when it was necessary to even do that.

For instance, today he hadn't made the time to conceal his drink of choice. It was an active choice on his part, though there had been points where it was not, as he had decided to prioritize preparations for future meals.

Which was something that many would note about him someday if he were ever found out, he cooks like any other person though. He prepares meals like any normal human, witch, or werewolf would and never betrays himself in gagging or throwing up the food that he was consuming. Whether made by him or someone else he always appeared to be apart of humanity at all times.

And that was the point.

There could be no mistakes made that could reveal him for what he was. Only a select few were even allowed to realize exactly what he was, and even they expressed the surprise they felt over it due to his drive to consume what was not made for him. Which was amusing, because they could not see the point behind it in the first place.

That's the fun in it.

Partaking in something that had been stripped of him centuries ago and in spite of it all still finding joy and delight in it all was what made all of it. Even to a tongue not built to taste the difference between vegetables and fruit there was still a sensation that came with it. The slightest of variations of it that can allow for such delight in life that it was almost difficult for him to find the words.

He was reclaiming what had been taken from him all those years ago. Making a way for himself in this now distorted world that no other vampire would dare consider beyond the necessity of a disguise.

He had forged the path he wanted for himself in the face of a body that now turned against him in that choice, and that was what he loved about it.

Control.

That's all he ever strove for anymore.

It's one of the few things in the world that he can continuously find belief in despite the cruelty he often played a part in.

Which was another factor of his trepidation on the topic of his nature, his proclivities when it comes to consumption. He was notorious for his dinner parties for a reason, and they certainly helped in his goal of refining a palette built to only consume a red metallic liquid that barely shifts in taste.

A partial lie he had fallen into in his drive to consume actual food. Blood did have distinct tastes, comparable to wine or honey in some regards, but he assumed that he had tasted them all by now that something more physical just had more draw.

At least, until he was introduced to Will.

Whether it be the fact that he was born of witch and human blood, or his choice in practice being based around a magic that was rarely delved into, empathy, there was something about him that made him tantalizing to be near.

An issue that was quickly making itself more and more pronounced as he had now been tasked with watching over Will in the capacity of a therapist, while also trying to fulfill the role of a friend as well. He could hold himself back for now, he hadn't trained himself for nothing after all, but there was something ravenous within him that didn't know if it wanted to tear his flesh from his bone to crew and swallow him whole, or drain him dry until only a husk of a mortal was left limp in his arms.

Two drastically different desires yearning for the same thing, Will Graham.

As the bag goes dry he once more lets out a sigh and lets it fall back into the draw with a light "thump" before closing it again with his foot. Followed by the reminders that there was no more appointments scheduled for the day he slowly lets the place shut down around him. Snuff out a few candles here and there while also flicking the lights switches off, ordering papers together into their separate stacks, and waiting for the fire place to snuff itself out eventually. So many lights compensating for the one thing that he hadn't been able to claim full control over yet, the sun.

Enough time had pasted, and enough research had been done, that he no longer had to worry about combusting into flames at the slightest touch of the sun. However, the sensation that would ripe through his body when that would happen still made him want to double over, but he had to work through it to make this facade work. Maybe if he let himself be overwhelmed once or twice no one would bat an eye, but he couldn't take that risk.

So all he could do was push forward. Letting the sun destroy him over and over as he not only walks to his car but makes the timely drive to his humble abode.

And as that abode draws closer and closer he lets his grip tighten and tighten on the wheel. Reminding himself that he was nearly there. It was nearly done. This was just what it took to survive in a world built to destroy him if he didn't fall the straight and narrow.

Blood bags had their appeal after all, but letting himself loose and drinking the blood while it was still warm just far more going for it. And then the meat that would remain? That could be put towards further creation in the meals he would survive to the mortals around him.

Finally making it inside he can feel the shadows consume him the moment he goes inside. Windows tinted to all hell and back so that he can still enjoy the outside, just with out as much damaged received. Or just a nice dark corner here and there where he could escape to if he needed a breather after a long day.

The most beautiful part of his house though would always been the decorations he was allowed to keep around. A life such as his was only well lived if he was allowed to keep various trinkets from the times he'd made it through. From grand paints he'd commissioned in France, to sculptures capturing the beauty of former companions he'd had by his side at one point or another. There was always something for one to gawk at once you entered into his house. And that only cared onto what he would do once he had taken from those body he would decede upon. Where once a soul may have remind what would be left behind would be turned into an all around delightful package that would eventually be displayed for all to see in the most dramatic way possible, art.

He strove for a low profile, but was not willing to hold himself back anymore than necessary. Once a line was crossed then he would allow himself to become his true inner self. Something hungry and full of rage that could only be held back for so long.

He was a creature of the night turned against his will yet forming his own future with his own blood stained hands, and that was all he wanted from his life.

To live in it, while also savoring the gore joys that come with the life he'd been casted into.

And more could he possibly want?

Perhaps, another companion, someday.

Prying Eyes Before Time Can Tell

“Have they written about me yet?” Abigail eventually asks. Her voice meek as she knows the answer to this question carries an unimaginable weight to it, yet she can’t help herself. She just has to know how she’s being broken down to her core before anyone even has the chance to hear her perspective, and what the world is going to look like when she is eventually forced to confront the new one she was stepping into.

A world now marred with the public eye waiting expectantly for her to be revealed for the wolf in sheep’s clothing she was and rip the jugular of one those deemed as an ‘innocent.’ She was never going to be able to go back to the way things were. The girl that she was bleed out on that kitchen floor, and this new body she was inhabiting was only a facsimile of what she was. A new face to look upon a world that was far cruel and far more grotesque than she was expecting.

One filled to the brim with the grim dark bloody horror lurking around every corner, and she was a part of that now. An unwitting member of the creature feature club she was being labeled all sorts of horrible things just because of something her father did. But she was “daddy’s little girl” wasn’t she, so of course she was going to take after him. She had to.

“There have been– a few reports.” Will unevenly replies, his voice pausing for a moment as he considers how much of the truth she should hear right now. Of course she would need to be made aware of the full extent at some point, but things were still so fragile right now. Was it really right of him to dump all of that cruelty onto her shoulders right now?

“You don’t have to lie to me, Mr. Graham. I know how big my father’s murders were starting to be in the press when you caught him. I can only imagine how far they’d take the realization that he had a half-human half-werewolf lurking about too.”

Swallowing awkwardly he has no choice by to relent and admit to her that, “They’ve written a lot about you. They often go back to the theory that you had to have been helping him the whole time. That it doesn’t make senes that you wouldn’t have known what he was up to this whole time, or what he was either. They also like to harp on how it doesn’t make senes that you–”

“Can’t be human?” She finishes for him. Seeing very clearly the pain this conversation was putting him through. It really was a difficult subject to breach, but it needed to be done.

“Yes, quite vehemently. If they don’t doubt that you’re human then they think that you’ll experience your first transformation soon, and then follow in your father’s footsteps soon after. It all just goes back to you eventually doing exactly what he did, or that you’ve already done it when he was alive. It’s honestly kinda of dull and unoriginal of them to say, but none of them have a bone of originality in their bodies.”

“Is that really all they’re saying?” A laugh leaves her mouth for a moment before it wavers away when she sees Will’s eyes widen in surprise. “I just mean, couldn’t they come up with

something a little more fun? I mean if I'm going to be slandered like this I think it'd be funnier if it wasn't so– down to earth I guess."

Will smiles a little at that. Still shocked by how well she was taking this all, but at the same time unsure if this was the healthiest response for her to be giving. "You're looking for something more, fun?"

"It's easier to make fun of them that way if they're more outlandish, Mr. Graham, and I've been in need of a good laugh lately."

Smile fading on that somber note he tries to come up with something to offer her in that regard. "There's always Freddie Lounds I suppose. She isn't afraid to go to all the places that any above par journalist would stay away from. I'm sure she's come up with some ludacris conspiracy tying you and your father to some other mass murdering spree far away.

That got another smile out of her, though a far more confused one than he was anticipating. "She's the journalist that's been visiting here though. She's tried to ask me for an interview, but the staff have held her back from getting too close." Her face droops down once more as it dawns on her, "They've been keeping most people away besides Dr. Lecter, Dr. Bloom, and you. Like they're afraid I'm going to–"

"If they were really worried about that," he cuts in, "Then they wouldn't be allowing either of them near you, Abigail." He tries to assure.

"Them? You're saying that they wouldn't let the doctors come in here, but they'd let you near me?" She coily asks, sitting up a little more as her curiosity is peaked even further. Their previous discussion topic melting away immediately as it felt like she was finally beginning to crack the question that had been lingering in the back of her head, why was she alive?

The cut to her throat had been too deep she'd heard people say. It didn't' make sense for a human to have survived such a blow to that vital of an area. Though no one had bothered to explain this to her directly. Deciding that whispering about her around her was a better choice then just being direct with her for once. A further annoyance on top of this disastrous situation.

Letting out a heavy sigh Will reaches out towards her; holding out his hand he calmly asks "Give me your hand."

Obliging this seemingly odd request, she places her hand into his and watches as he proceeds to places his fingers onto her freezing flesh. Closing his eyes she watches as small glowing spirals begin to appear around her. Covering her skin in coils as it creeps further and further up her arm.

Her eyes widen in surprise before they dart back to the face of the man who was doing all of his. "You're not human then either?"

"More accurately I'm like you. I have a part of them within me, but that doesn't mean that they see that themselves. They see me as an harbinger of something they can't control or obtain on their own. I can blend in better than most, but that doesn't mean I'm safe from all

scrutiny. Nobody really is at this point." Recoiling his hand from her he begins rubbing his palms together. A low buzzing sensation running through out his whole body while he does it. Better to experience the after effects than continue to willingly keep her in the dark about the whole picture.

He was the reason she was alive now. She should be blaming him for all of this now because if she had just died, then she wouldn't have to be worrying about the conjectures of humanity on what she was and wasn't capable of.

He deserved the blame at this point, but as he stares at her instead of rage or even confusion he sees delight. Such a strong delight that practically was verging on joy at a few points as she suddenly pulls against the tubs keeping everything running and throws her arms around his neck.

"Thank you, Mr. Graham, for everything you've done. It's been kind of hard to not imagine myself as–"

"Alone?" He breaths out, unintentionally cutting her off while he places one of his now shaking hands on her back as he tries to comprehend how they ended up here of all places.

"Yeah, alone."

Squeezing him tighter she feels herself begin to get choked up, but eventually she gets herself to let go and lay back down against the stiff medical pillow. "Things have just been moving so fast and being stuck here I've been trying not to think about it all. Because if I do that then I'm just going to loose track of who I am and who they think I am."

Will nods, going back to rubbing his palms together as the buzzing he just felt went from being more of a physical sensation to an internal one. An urge to start pacing around slowly starting to consume his insides the more he listened to this young woman speak. After all, Hannibal had been right.

"That comes with the territory, but it will get easier with time, Abigail. If I can't promise of anything else I can promise you that."

Continuing to give him a beaming smile they are suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one of her attendees. Proceeding to leave without much a of a fight he gives her a wave goodbye before breaking into a brisk walk as his heart rate picks up more and more speed.

Through his racing heart though he is surprised to not how his footsteps echo through out the medical ward halls as barely any other entities were seen in sight. This was supposed to be a house for those of a more magical ilk, but not everyone was ready to admit that kind of thing to their doctors. Abigail, as she was quickly proving t be, was special in her own sort of way. Though really he shouldn't be getting this close with a victim of one of the cases he was working on. He was certain that that was breaking one of the rules somewhere within the F.B.I, and that Jack was going to be so frustrated when he found out. For now though, he was getting himself ready to fill the role his therapist had suggest him to take up.

If for nothing else then she was going to need a role model on how to figure out this new crazy world she was a part of, and how to avoid the spotlight when she just couldn't escape it.

He was going to have to be better than Hobbs in every way possible, and he was ready to do just that. Because by god he wasn't just going to let her go alone in this hellish world. These thoughts linger in the back of his mind as the double doors open and a cold blast of wind rushes into his face. He had to be better. He was going to be better, no matter what.

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